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Anita to Dutch, 2 August [?]

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Dear Dutch,

The water is lapping against the wall of the Pensione where I am staying, and the boats are moored under my window. It is all, all fantastic and incredible - Venice. I have almost killed myself trying to see the cream of the art and architecture. But years would hardly suffice to see everything. The Guide Book is a constant temptation to see and enjoy. And there are not enough hours in the day, nor sufficient strength in these aging bones. As compared to touring waking floors is a bagatelle.

I spent several days in Milan after leaving Genoa and I really began to know Milan very well. All of my wanderings began at the Piazza del Duomo, or the Piazza della Scala and from those points I soon learned where to go. All in my halting and self-conscious Italian! But the people were so kind and so friendly I soon lost all hesitancy in asking directions. Tell Jim I grew to look forward to Capuchino in the morning for breakfast - partly later. But the food, as you will know, is also incredible.

Elizabeth finally returned from her ^{meeting} by international bus and we had two days together - one at home where she continues to track down Thomas Jefferson. But on the last night in Milan she announced she had too much work in home and that I'd have to make the tour of Verona, Venice, Padua, Treviso by rail. A few days' earlier I'd have

cringed at the thought. But I didn't at all
mind after Milan. We are to meet in Florence.

Verona was wonderful. Opera at the
Roman Amphitheatre was really grand opera.
I wished for John and Billy while visiting
the wonderful castle of Cangrande.

The stores everywhere are fabulous. I
stay in a state of frustration at not being
able to buy. But my purse is so light and
my luggage so heavy I somehow restrain
myself. I look and enjoy and I do in-
dulge my fondness for fruit and pastry
both of which I can afford.

You were very, very sweet to give me
such a festive send-off. I have never
been more surprised, nor so pleased, thank
you for every thing.

I think often of Oxford and my anxiety
to know what's going on grows greater by the
hours. And referred to Sally in one of his letters
so I assume she's still with you. There must
be rewards somewhere for people like you.

Tell Jim that nobody fishes here in Venice.
But everywhere I hear the sound of a motorboat
I half expect to see Aubrey Sedg, with his por-
table refrigerator going out toward the lido.
Even that would hardly surprise me here
where everything is fantasy.

Please thank Jim too for the friendly interest
he took in my trip. I promise to identify everything
in his Roman pictures.

Best wishes to all of you and much love,
Arita

Venice
August second